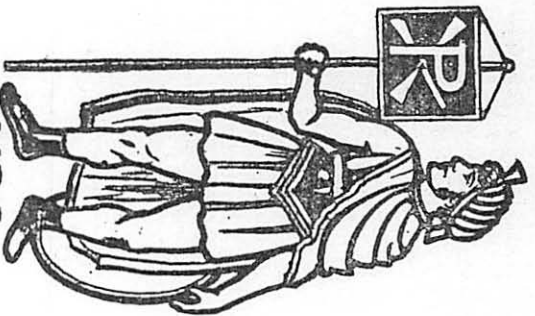


The

# Alcester Grammar



M.D.C.

CHRISTUS  
NOBISCUM  
STATE.

## School Record

March, 1937.

# Alcester Grammar School Record.

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No. 56.

MARCH, 1937.

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EDITOR—MR. V. V. DRULLER.

COMMITTEE—

D. HUNT, P. HOUGHTON, PARSONS, BIDDLE I.

## Editorial.

From time to time enquiries are received as to whether certain back numbers of the "RECORD" can be supplied. For the information of anyone who may wish to secure any particular back number, we should like to say that we have a strictly limited stock of all issues of the "RECORD," with the exception of Nos. 1—15, 22, 25, 26, 27, and 34. They may be obtained on application to the Editor at the published price, ninepence per copy.

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## School Register.

### Valete.

\*Baylis, L. G. (Upp. V.), 1930-36. O' Neal, J. A. (Low. V.), 1934-36.

Hewlett, H. T. (Upp. V.), 1931-36. Ayre, C. C. (Rem.), 1936.

\*Johnson, F. K. (Upp. V.), 1931-36. Ayre, S. A. (i.), 1936.

Goulbourne, I. V. (Low. V.),

1933-36.

\*Prefect.

Omitted last term :

de Whalley, J. A. (Rem.), 1934-36.

### Salvete.

Blakeman, E. J. (Rem.)

Day, B. (III).

Disley, P. E. (I).

Lloyd, J. A. (Rem).

Miles, G. (Low. IV).

Richards, J. M. H. (Rem).

Winwood, M. R. (Low. IV).

**Old Scholars' Guild News.**

PRESIDENT—Mr. C. T. L. Caton.

HON. SECRETARY—S. Styler.

HON. TREASURER—C. H. Baylis.

On the evening of Saturday, December 19th, there was a large assembly of Old Scholars at School, on the occasion of the Winter Reunion. No efforts had been spared to provide a seasonable setting for the gathering, and the hall and dining room were tastefully decorated. The first half of the evening was devoted to dancing and games, and C. Luker gave an accordion solo. Then came the supper interval, after which the Committee entertained with a few impromptu sketches, which caused great amusement.

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During a short interval in the proceedings the business meeting was held. The Balance Sheet for the year 1935-36 was presented and adopted, a vote of thanks being accorded to N. Staff, the honorary auditor of the Guild. The subject of a proposed outing to Oxford was laid before the meeting, the secretary asking those who wished to avail themselves of this opportunity of visiting Oxford to communicate with him before February 1st.

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Next followed the table tennis final between C. Baylis and B. Hodgkinson, the latter proving the winner. Prizes for this tournament and for the various games and dances were then distributed from the Christmas Tree. Dancing continued until midnight, when a very enjoyable Reunion was brought to an end with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" and "God Save the King."

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A very successful dance organised by the Guild was held in the Town Hall, on New Year's Eve. There were about a hundred and ten present, and a profit of over £4 was made.

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The outing proposed at the Reunion took place on Saturday, February 20th, and thirty six Old Scholars journeyed to Oxford. On arrival, a number of them were conducted round the University city, and shown some of the sights. After lunch, at Keble College, the main items on the day's programme took place, viz. football and hockey matches. In the football match, the Old Scholars defeated Keble College



EARLY SPRING.

M. J. Woodward.

by three goals to two. The Old Scholars' team consisted of F. Duxbury, D. Baylis, P. Sherwood, C. Baylis, F. Bunting, E. Chattaway, A. Rook, H. Hill, W. Parker, K. Bailey, and S. Styler. At hockey also, the Old Scholars were the victors, defeating the St. Hilda's XI by seven goals to nil. The Old Scholars were represented by R. Bunting, E. Holder, L. Heath, K. Staff, I. Staff, M. Clark, M. Browning, C. Winnett, J. Harper, E. Lewis and J. Holder. Mr. Wells attended the football match and afterwards had tea with the teams. In the evening, the party attended a "show," leaving for Alcester at ten o'clock, after spending a most enjoyable day.

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Congratulations to Rose Bunting, who has been playing in goal for the Midlands at hockey.

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On Saturday, January 16th, an Old Scholars' team defeated the School at football by six goals to three. Their team was D. S. Bailey, C. Luker, D. Baylis, W. Hughes, C. Baylis, W. Savage, J. Chambers, S. Ledbury, F. Duxbury, K. Grubb, and H. Hill.

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### **Births.**

On November 15th, to Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Chambers (née Elsie Dutfeld)—a daughter.

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On January 30th, to Mr. and Mrs. P. Finnemore (née Mary Bullock)—a son.

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### **Marriages.**

On August 29th, at Studley, Edward James Milward to Winifred Mary Lamb (scholar 1922-28).

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On January 11th, at Barnt Green, Bernard Ledbury to Rosamund Walker (scholar 1921-29).

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On January 23rd, at Studley, Alfred Joseph Partridge (scholar 1919-27) to Kathleen Jagger (scholar 1927-31).

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On January 30th, at Stow-on-the-Wold, Wilfrid Roy Alexander (scholar 1920-24) to Madeline Harrison.

**Oxford Letter.**

TO THE EDITOR OF THE A.G.S. RECORD.

Dear Sir,

This is just to let you know that that sneak reporter, Prodnose, whom you paid three halfpenny stamps to spy round Oxford, and to write about us in the magazine last summer term, just won't be useful to you any more. While prowling round St. Hugh's garden looking for copy he was chased by the portress with the broomstick she regularly keeps for undergraduates, and caught as he dangled conveniently over the wall. *Sic obit.* See how well I remember my Latin !

So, sir, it having been arranged that I should compile the Oxford letter this time, I wrote to Clifford Baylis at Keble, asking him about all his achievements lately that could be printed in a respectable magazine like yours. His letter is worth quoting from. The comments (in brackets) are mine.

" I am President of " Tenmantale " ; spell that carefully and say that it is Keble Historical Society, a closed body in which every scholar automatically becomes president—put that in if you like! Also President of Keble Debating Society. Apart from that I am working and looking for a job—except that I got my colours at soccer, and I am thus entitled to wear the usual brilliant scarf—which will undoubtedly improve my appearance (*can this be possible?*). I'll leave the form of the letter to you (*thank you!*) as the gentleman of leisure (*oh! my goodness!*) Don't be afraid to blow your own trumpet if you get your oars, and you might stress the fact that you have become a recluse." (*A fat lot you know!*)

Josie Lane at St. Hugh's has replied in a most horrible pencil scrawl, so vile, that only the wish to serve you, sir, and the knowledge that its interest would undoubtedly be worth the deciphering encouraged me to fifteen minutes concentrated scrutiny. She calls herself the " Sphinx from St. Hugh's," which, no doubt, explains the inscrutability of her writing.

She continues to find Oxford " as wonderful as ever." One might almost say of things here, " Nothing can stale Oxford's infinite variety." It is easy to understand why no one has seen her this term, as she writes that she is " haunting"

Rhodes House, the Radcliffe Library, the Indian Institute, the Milk (?) Bar and the theatre. Although this list does not include the well known "something or other tower," still it must surely be a whole time job for one ghost !

Josie, like Clifford intends to take the Civil Service Examination in July. And they both are working hard for Finals, which come in the summer. Good luck to them !

Bill Sherwood, of Pembroke College, has managed to get in the college first Torpid Eight, just when it is rowing well. Its achievements were mentioned on the wireless the other night, so he disdains the use of the suggested trumpet as inferior in publicity value to the loud speaker. Now he has to find a place for a massive oar as a trophy, as well as for the pewter pint pot he acquired last term.

Since he is no longer to be found on convivial jaunts or in his pink political haunts (having left the Labour Club !) he may (a) be working hard—which is possible, but rather doubtful, or (b) doing goodness knows what.—This is more probable. He seems to have two ruling passions in his life these days, rowing, and Denmark, which country he visited last summer, and he keeps talking in his usual vague way about going there again (Is the portrait of the lady on his mantelpiece anything to do with all this enthusiasm ?) His room, like Clifford's, is profusely decorated with flowers and plants, but in addition he goes in for what are, to say the least, "startling" pictures and photographs.

We had the great pleasure the other Saturday, of a visit from the Old Scholars' football and hockey teams to play Keble and St. Hilda's colleges. Both teams illuminated the decadence of Oxford sport by winning. "If you wish to be funny," writes Clifford, who played for Keble, "you might refer to the fact that I scored the winning goal for the Old Scholars."

Next Sunday we are having the great pleasure, once more, of taking tea at Headington, with Mr. and Mrs. Wells.

Here's to the continued success in every way of A.G.S., especially now that we wear a fine Old School tie, that we can flaunt with the rest of England's scholastic establishments !

Your (almost) veracious correspondent, W.E.S.

### **Notes and News.**

Three new junior prefects have been appointed this term. They are G. Stone, P. Horseman and Biddle i.

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The influenza epidemic has interfered considerably with school work this term. At its peak there were over ninety pupils absent at one time.

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We have been receiving visits on certain Wednesday afternoons, this term, from Mr. Tewkesbury, who has been appointed special football coach for the School under the Board of Education scheme.

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On Monday, December 7th, Mr. John Story entertained the school, assembled in the hall, with a most interesting Dickens recital. His portrayal of a number of the characters in the novels was most vivid.

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The Speech Day gathering took place in the Picture House on Thursday, February 18th. A large attendance of scholars, parents and friends listened to an address by Miss Grace Hadow, President of the Society of Oxford Home Students.

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This term a course of instruction in sewing by machine, arranged by the Singer Sewing Machine Company, has been taken by the girls of the Lower Fifth and the Lower Fourth. Six electric and six treadle machines have been used, and the pupils have practised on both types of machine.

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We welcome Miss Tuck, who joined the Staff at half term, to take charge of the girls' physical training and games.

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It has been pointed out to us that a hopeful sign of the speedy erection of the new school buildings is envisaged by the provision of new chimneys for the fires in the history and geography rooms.

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We are informed that the collapse of a shelf of books, weighing about two hundred-weight, in the Sixth form classroom, arnely incapacitated three scholars seated beneath it.

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Half term was Monday, February 22nd,



A lantern lecture on the people and customs of Lapland was given in the hall by Mrs. L. K. Yapp, on Friday, March 5th.

An electric clock made its appearance over the bell table in the corridor on Monday, March 1st.

### Gangs.

At some time or other, nearly every small boy and some small girls, have created or become members of a gang, secret society, or whatever they like to call it. For my part, I have been the creator, leader and destroyer of more gangs than I care to think of.

My first, and somewhat unsuccessful, experiment was the knot-feather society, and a certain crony of mine was "leftenant." The initiation tests for this gang, inspired by the film, "The Black Hand Gang," were, to say the least, severe. Yet, remarkably enough, both my "leftenant" and myself passed with ease, though one odious individual, whose company was forced on to me by his mother's smirking "Now I know you'll love to play with Tommy," could never pass even the first test—walking on his hands. He demanded to see me do it. Fortunately, I had, by great foresight, included in the rules that no one need pass the initiation tests more than once, or need perform any of them against his will under any circumstances whatsoever. It should be noted that this individual would never have known about the gang if he had not been nosey enough to discover my gang "log-book."

I am afraid I have forgotten the name of the next gang, though I do know that the meeting place was in a corner of an attic, curtained off to screen the members from the outside world. In this dark corner, conversation was carried on in loud whispers, and many were the new rules that were passed, and written down in the "log-book" by the light of a guttering candle, stuck somewhat insecurely in an empty lemonade bottle. These same rules were often abolished at the very next meeting, but who cares?

This gang met an unfortunate end, however, because the attic was spring cleaned and I was forbidden to go up there. Another gang, the Blue Sword Gang, then came into being, and it was to our detriment that we organised a "feast."

The mother of the only female member complained that her beloved daughter had come home, refused her dinner, and after the administration of a dose of Epsom salts, had been violently sick. This little incident put paid to ail gangs for a long time.

After a lapse of at least one year, the Ghost gang was founded. This gang went further than all the rest put together, for it accomplished in its two years or so of existence: the removal of the door and most of one side of the shed that was its meeting place (this was done in battering-ram practice), the destruction of several perfectly good sheets (in tent-pitching practice), and the waste of innumerable boxes and bean sticks (in camp-fire practice). This record has never been surpassed by one of my gangs, although the G.N.G., a later gang, came nearly up to it and might have surpassed it if interest had not died. The Ghost gang, it is interesting to note, was dissolved because of sheer old age, and not, as might at first be supposed, because of the damage done by its members.

The next gang, whose emblem was a piece of chain with only four links—one standing for each member—did very little, and it might be said :—

“ The Four Link Gang, 1-9-3-5,  
Was very weak and not long alive.”

This was followed by the Arians, whose symbol was a little idol whose name was Ar—inspired by a serial in a penny dreadful. In the bloom of its existence, this gang received a serious check, as the story on which its activities were based, suddenly finished, and the gang fizzled out at the same time.

This rather tame ending brings me to the close of my narrative. Oh, yes ! There was the G.N.G. gang, but as it has not yet been officially dissolved, it would be high treason and black treachery for me to betray my fellow members, who would, I am sure, carry out on me a fitting torture for one so base, so that, in fear of my life, I may only inform you that its record so far is the removal from the landscape of four trees, the total destruction of the meeting place—including the collapse of the roof, the destruction of innumerable sacks and boxes and five panes of glass. Quite a good record, don't you think ?

Nothing has been easier than writing this little tale, for IT IS ALL TRUE. Anyone who discredits this, may see, on a battered pole at the bottom of a certain garden, a tattered flag, made from a handkerchief and painted with red paint. That flag will stay there until it has been torn to shreds by the wind and the rain, or until an irate parent demands the immediate removal of the same eyesore.

No. 1. G.N.G. (Hunt).

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### *Olla Podrida.*

A Lower Fifth mathematician informs us that the way to solve a certain geometry problem is to "take two pints A and B." No doubt the British workman will heartily agree with him.

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P. J. Y. adds to the wonders of the world by telling of "the conversation of energy," and "goblets made of beech-nut."

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Among the pleasures of exile in the forest we learn from M.C. that we may find books in the running streams and blood in stones.

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The strong influence of Latin has caused one small geometrician to call a five-sided figure a quinquelateral.

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He did not believe, says M.C., in pouring over a book. He evidently reserved his tears for other occasions.

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A Sixth Form Dickens enthusiast refuses to admit that Dora in "David Copperfield" is an unnatural and improbable character, asserting that she is the exact type of the modern young woman. Alas, how are the mighty fallen !

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### *Apiculture.*

To clear away any doubts on the matter, let me hasten to assure my younger readers that apiculture has nothing to do with the study of one's fellow-pupils. It is a term generally understood to include the practice and science of bee-keeping on modern methods. Apiculture is a very fascinating and fairly profitable hobby for intelligent people of all ages, and many hours of delight can be obtained from the

management of a stock of bees, while their busy humming fills the garden with unceasing music, as they dash from flower to flower gathering the precious nectar.

A prosperous stock of bees at the beginning of the swarming season consists of a queen, a few hundred drones, and from thirty to fifty thousand workers, this number of workers considerably increasing up to the peak of the honey flow. The queen, or mother bee, is a perfectly developed female, and she lays the eggs from which all the other bees are hatched, laying as many as two or three thousand eggs per day in mid-summer. The drones are male bees, and the workers imperfectly developed females, upon whom devolves the whole labours of the hive, the building of combs, the gathering of nectar which is converted into honey, the tending of the brood and the queen, and the defence of the hive. Contrary to popular belief, it is worker bees and not the queen, which rule the hive. During the summer months worker bees seldom live more than six to eight weeks, owing to the amount of work they perform.

If the weather is warm in spring, and food plentiful, the number of bees in a hive increases very rapidly, and about the time apple trees are in bloom, swarms begin to leave the hives. A good swarm consists of the old queen in the hive accompanied by some twenty-five thousand bees, and they issue from the hive and circle overhead with a joyful enthusiasm that rarely fails to communicate itself to the onlooking beekeeper. A few days after the swarm leaves the hive the new queen hatches. Immediately the young queen hatches, the other queen cells, usually about ten to twenty in number, are destroyed, but on some occasions two or three queens hatch at the same time, in which case they fight for supremacy, and the defeated queen leaves the hive with a very small swarm, known as a cast.

The initial cost of beekeeping is rather high, a good hive with complete equipment costing about five pounds, but properly managed, a fair amount of profit can be obtained. It is best to buy a stock of bees of a reliable strain, for much has been done to-day to produce docile strains of bees which, with proper handling, very rarely sting, the best breeds being the Italian and Carniolan; thus one of the greatest drawbacks to bee-keeping is removed.

The British people are beginning to awaken to the value of honey both as a food and a medicine, although many still prefer a tin of fruit to a pound of honey, despite the fact that the food value of the latter is far greater than the few extra pence it costs, and there is now every indication that beekeeping will be quite a profitable, as well as an absorbing hobby for those with patience and no dislike of hard work.

D.O.H.

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### *Fluffy-Tail the Brave!*

Three rabbits on a summer day  
Went out to find some fun,  
And as they frisked upon their way,  
They saw—oh dear—a gun!

Now Fluffy-Tail was very brave,  
—That's what he always said.  
He cried, "Just see how I behave:  
There's nothing here to dread!"

The other rabbits kept well back,  
As their parents had advised,  
While he went forward to attack  
The gun that he despised.

But when the farmer came in sight,  
And ran to get his gun,  
The bunny quite forgot to fight,  
But showed how he could run!

C.A.S.

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### *More Education.*

This is intended to give a fairly accurate idea of the repercussions of any increase in the school-leaving age. It contains both the plain, blunt truth of the present, and the sublimely ridiculous of some future age. No one need be offended.

Let us begin with the facts. In the past, education for the masses has had a curious result. I see in one paper with the striking title of "*Il Duce*"—everyone will know the weekly I mean, even if they would not desire to admit it—that six million wives are leading idle lives. The arts, beloved of our grandmothers, are now tottering to their downfall; they are regarded by moderns with dislike and even abhorrence. No longer is the culinary art practised as it was in

time of yore ; jam-making, sewing, and laundry-work are now all done by large combines, robot housewives. But in the next edition of "Il Duce" twelve million idle husbands appear as if by magic, to be severely rated by a member of the fairer and, so-called, weaker sex. Thus the merry war proceeds ; may the best man win.

Let us now turn to the near future, to an everyday cup of tea. We shall then with a practised glance survey the sugar, and note down in our mind the refraction of light and the spectrum. I am not so sure that this can be done for I am no scientist. Then with an equally learned shake of the head we shall declare, "No ! The grocer is cheating us again. That sugar is analytically incorrect, it is only  $C_{11}H_{22}O_{11}$ . I shall either have to divert my demand to another producer or buy an article of less utility. Why, it is downright debasement of a commodity, so to speak, and the legal content of carbon in the compound is deficient !" This, dear reader, if you are not already aware of it, is the language of economics, which in its turn is the study of man in the ordinary business of life.

These are not all the dangers of over-education. We who learn the art of music, we who gain the power to feel where Sir Henry Wood and his players fall short, will tell in an instant where the latest "scat-singers" on the radio should be placed. I mean figuratively, not materially, though I would venture to suggest Timbuctoo. We hear them in an instant perpetuate a diminished triad and murmur, "Bad taste ! Bad taste !" Incidentally, why are crooners ? That question had not yet been satisfactorily answered.

But picture for a moment what will happen when the school-leaving age is raised to forty. Imagine the epitaph of P. E. R. Sistent, the gallant old boy who was killed in action, attacking Euclid.

*Here lies P.E.R. Sistent, who stuck to his guns. When crossing the Pons Asinorum he described a semi-circle and was bisected !* This is surely a fitting close to a scholar's life.

On this dreary note we will end, hoping no one will ever follow such an unworthy example, and thanking Providence that I was not born a century too late.

L.P.

rude awakening. Mother had unaccountably hit on the idea of hanging some of the washing in the greenhouse, and before long I was enveloped in wet sheets. After a little necessary adjustment of my "day-bed" however, I once more settled down to sleep, determined not to be ousted out of my last sanctuary.

At last, dinner time arrived, and I began to think that my troubles were over—but I had forgotten ironing. Oh, dear ! What a day !

While on the subject of washing day I feel I must mention the experience of two friends of mine who once undertook washing in the absence of their mother. Both being men, they had never taken any interest in the art of washing, and, at first, they were at a loss to know what to do. Then they had the bright idea of putting all the washing into the copper and boiling it. Remembering something about "No toil, only boil," one of them promptly went off to purchase a packet of Snowio. Putting all the clothes into the copper and adding the whole contents of a large packet of Snowio, our two friends waited patiently for the water to boil. Then one remembered having seen their mother put a boiler stick into the copper. Accordingly he found a large stick and proceeded to see "if the washing was done." Evidently the stick came out clean, for they at once put out the copper fire (thus causing clouds of smoke and ashes to blot out the scene entirely for several minutes). When our friends were able to see each other again, they set about the task of hauling the clothes out of the copper. Imagine their astonishment when they discovered that by some means or other, the whole wash had become tinged with blue. Try as they might they could only discover one article not affected—a table cloth, which had originally been blue, but which was now a mixture of red and white. By no means downhearted, our friends hung out their washing to dry, and eventually ironed it—but of the results, well, the least said the better.

Finally, sir, putting all jokes aside, I am asking you to use your influence to impress mothers that half term is not the time for them to do all the washing they can muster, and then embark on spring cleaning into the bargain. It is a time for us overworked children to rest from our labours (although I hear that one form had the pleasant task of preparing about half-a-dozen questions over this half) and I

am sure that this is impossible if we are constantly being bundled unceremoniously round the house and lured into traps. And so, sir, I close, hoping that you will agree with me in this matter.

I remain,

Yours sincerely,

X.N.O.Q.

### **The Chase of the Snake.**

The summer before last my sister and I were presented with four pretty little bantams. We fitted up a pen for them and every day we cared for them, and they rewarded us by providing us with our breakfast eggs. They were very tame, and soon got to know both of us well.

One hot, sunny afternoon, while sitting on the lawn, we heard a fluttering of wings, and an unusual clucking from their pen. We went to see what was the matter, and to our surprise, we saw in the pen what looked to us a very large and dangerous-looking snake. As neither of us had seen one of these before, we did not know what might happen, so we picked up a stick and poked it out. Then from the coal-house we fetched the chopper, and at our first blow, which missed it, it disappeared down a hole which we had overlooked, and came out in an adjoining field. We went into the field after it, and were most surprised at the quickness with which it travelled. Back it went into the bantams' pen and over the fence we went after it. Round one of the posts it coiled itself, and then was our chance. We gave one mighty blow at it, but only succeeded in chopping the post nearly through.

Off it went again into the field with us after it, and this time we managed to chop it in two. That we thought, was the end, but to our extreme surprise, when we had placed it in a bucket, although it was in two distinct pieces, it wriggled and wriggled for a very long time. When we measured it afterwards, it was forty inches from tip to tail. Later, when we had time to think about it, we wondered what it was trying to find in the pen, and we thought that it might have been wanting to get our breakfast eggs for its own.

We were told later that it was grass snake and harmless, although such a large specimen.

E.M.E. (Shell).



### **Chemicals at Play.**

It was night in the modern chemistry lab., and the clock was just booming twelve o'clock. What a noise there was when all the chemicals came to life !

" I," said the Sulphuric Acid, " I make hydrogen by my action on zinc, and burn through things when I am strong. I am the greatest of all chemicals." At this, the cylinder of oxygen said, " You are nothing compared with me. I make everything live, that is much the most important work of all."

Then the Sodium said, " Pooh ! Don't you forget me. I am in salt, washing soda, Glauber's salts, bicarbonate of soda, and many more useful things." Then the Cyanide of Potassium got up and said, " You had better be careful of me ! My fumes kill wasps as they pass over me, for I am very poisonous ! "

In the middle of the argument the clock struck three o'clock, and the disputing forces went back to their places.

STEWART (Form III.)

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### **On Being Late.**

" Why are you late ? "

" My clock stopped."

" That's no reason. If everybody's clocks stopped, do you suppose they would all be late ? Go into detention."

So the attempt of the poor schoolboy (or girl) to escape punishment fails, and he has to think of another excuse next time. It is really amazing to consider the ingenuity of some of these wrongdoers. They will tell you day after day that they " had a puncture " ; until you begin to wonder whether the punctures were accidental or even fictitious. But before you have an opportunity to obtain any proof of dirty work, they say next time that they have forgotten

an important book, or an urgent note, that must be fetched; or merely that it was raining, and they could not ride quickly on slippery roads. One cannot blame them, really, for they must have gone through agonies of suspense before actually arriving at school. "Shall I do it?" they wonder, as the school 'bus—always late—rushes past them with still half a mile to go. They start to run, or pedal a bit faster, as the case may be, and very likely lose most of their belongings on the way. They dash into the cloakroom, fling their clothes in all directions, rush out into the corridor. Shall I do it? Yes. No. Despair overwhelms them as they watch the headmaster disappearing from view behind the closing door. Another dinner-hour lost. When shall I finish my English reading, or arrange my stamps?

But missing a dinner-hour through being late is not as bad as missing a train. And talking of missing trains, isn't it strange that the people who live nearest the station are usually the worst offenders? The station-master in one small town I know of, has to hold up the train every morning for someone who lives only two hundred yards away. He has by now become quite accustomed to this person arriving, not at all concerned, at the time at which the train is due to go out. But of course, at this particular station, the trains themselves are often late—and just as often too early. So perhaps the latecomer is not always to blame.

Schoolboys and girls, however, who are provided in these days of comfort with special 'buses or other means of transport, seem to have lost any tendency they may have had to miss 'buses. It is only the less fortunate cyclists and pedestrians who run risks of punishment in this way. The majority of these are habitually punctual; it is only the few exceptions who are continually being late. In time these few become an institution, and it is only with a very bored expression that the weary prefect bothers to say, "Late again, Rebecca?"

H.D.H.

### **What Happened at the Old Oak Tree.**

The clatter of horses' hooves sounded sharply in the stillness of the night. Who could be abroad at this hour? A king's messenger, perhaps, or a party of people returning from the King's Ball. Or, more probably still, a band of highwaymen, returning from a robbery.

A voice rang out harshly, and the horses came to a stand "Who goes there?" cried the owner of it. "Your money or your life, whoever you may be!" The window of the coach (for such it was) was flung up, and another voice was heard to say, "Willingly, sir, but I cannot see anywhere, anything or anybody, so I'm afraid I cannot oblige." By this time, the moon had come out and the head of the occupant of the cab was visible. It belonged to a fashionable young gentleman, for the ringlets of his wig were powdered. All this time the other person had remained in the shadow of the old oak tree. "Now, sir," said he, "I will fight you for your purse as is my custom. Come, get out quickly with your sword," and for the first time he showed himself. He was dressed entirely in black, which made him the harder to see. There was a mask over the upper part of his face, so only his mouth and chin could be seen.

The gentleman climbed quickly out of the cab, and at length the fight began. Swords were used, and one could see that the opponents were well matched. The highwayman lightly touched the other's wrist, and exultantly cried, "First blood to me, good sir!" The other retorted "Second's as good!" and made a dart at the highwayman's sleeve. It seemed as though no one could win, so they ruefully gave up their duel and departed.

When the gentleman was safe again in the coach he muttered, "Thank goodness the jewels are safe," took up the reins and drove back to London again, where he gave the gems to the lady to whom they belonged—very thankfully too.

### Examination Results.

#### OXFORD SCHOOL CERTIFICATE.

At the examination held in December, the following candidates obtained certificates:—R. B. Biddle (4 credits); H. T. Hewlett (3 credits); F. K. Johnson (3 credits).

#### ASSOCIATED BOARD OF THE ROYAL SCHOOLS OF MUSIC.

Certificates have been gained by R. H. Arnold (Piano, Grade 2); M. D. Wells (Piano, Grade 2); P. Houghton (Violin, Grade 2); R. Yates (Piano, Grade 3); C. M. Pellman (Piano, Grade 3); I. Ison (Piano, Grade 3).

#### ROYAL DRAWING SOCIETY.

The following pupils have obtained certificates in senior divisions:—*Division 4, pass*: M. Crompton, R. H. Gaydon, A. M. Jenkins, A. T. Taylor; *Division 4, honours*: R. W. Spencer, P. R. Horseman, D. E. M. Gale, M. Woodward; *Division 5, pass*: A. M. Jenkins, P. R. Horseman, A. T. Taylor; *Division 6, pass*: A. M. Jenkins.

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### Seen in the Fire.

Sometimes marvellous pictures can be seen in the fire.

I poke the fire before me. At once I see a red glowing cave. A witch sits over a fire on which is a pot, full to the brim of a bubbling black potion. All of a sudden the cave falls into ruins. I now see a towering crag, and a red stream running underneath it. A black figure falls off the crag into the stream, and is immediately washed away.

I poke the fire and this scene falls into ruins. Now there is a castle with figures about it and it seems to me that the castle is about to fall down. All the figures disperse as the tower crashes to the ground.

Now there is a great roaring furnace. A huge black figure is throwing smaller ones into the furnace; he reels and the fire crashes to the ground and on to him.

The fire now has to be made up and I see no more pictures.

A. W. EMERY (Form III.).

### **Heard in the Night.**

Out on the highway there goes a stately coach,  
The rumble of the wheels can be heard on its approach.  
The brigand in the shadow stands at bay,  
And runs before the coach to make the horses stay.

The driver drops his reins, and the footman shrinks aside,  
While the occupants are terrified, and all the women cried,  
"Your money or your life!" He will not be denied,  
Though he doffs his cap and bows to all with pride.

The Bow Street Runners approach him fast,  
The guard and the coachman watch, aghast;  
With a pounce and a bump they hold him, downcast,  
And Slippery Nick is caught at last.

FINDON.

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### **Scouts.**

SCOUTMASTER—Mr. Walker.

This term has been spent mostly on inter-patrol competitions. The increase in strength of the troop has afforded more scope to each patrol leader in organisation and leadership. The usual tests for Tenderfoot, First and Second Class, and for badges have been held.

On Speech Day, the cup was presented to Hewlett ii, and Avery, the patrol leader and corporal of the successful Eagles patrol. As there is to be no separate half-term holiday next term, the usual outing may not take place. It has been suggested that the scouts should attend one of three Jamborees to be held in England this summer. Four or five scouts are visiting Holland for the International Jamboree to be held there.

The school troop has been allotted the duty of distributing the Coronation programmes. There will also be a collection in aid of the Jubilee Trust to provide playing fields in the district.

L.P.

### Postage Stamp Club.

PRESIDENT—Mr. Druller. SECRETARIES—Parsons, Woods.

Much business has been done this term among the members of the revived Stamp Club. Attendances have been large and much time has been given for the exchange of duplicates. Meetings have been held regularly on Tuesday afternoons after school, for about half an hour, and Mr. Druller at each meeting has shown some new issues. These have included the Morocco Agencies, George V and Edward VIII issue, and the new Malay States stamps. Keen interest has been shown throughout, and many new collections have been greatly enlarged.

We wish to thank those who have made presents of stamps to the Club. Each member has profited by the receipt of good stamps.

L.P.

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### Debating Society.

PRESIDENT—Miss Evans.

HON. SECRETARY—Bayne.

COMMITTEE—

D. Hunt, Parsons, Butt, Taylor, Hunt, Bayne.

As yet there has been no meeting this term, but a debate has been arranged for March 19th. The subject for discussion will be: "The English are an undesirable race." The proposers are Bayne and Parsons, and the opposers C. Sherwood and Butt.

P.J.B.

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### Hockey.

SECRETARY—D. Hunt.

Owing to the fact that the pitch has been waterlogged for several weeks, there has been very little hockey this term. The match with Evesham had to be scratched, since it was impossible to make up a team because of illness. The hockey captain, Flora Johnson, left last term, and her successor has not yet been elected.

The result of the one sides match played so far this term is: Jackals 1, Tomtits 1.

## **Football.**

CAPTAIN—Hewlett.

HON. SECRETARY—Bayne.

Bad weather was responsible for the cancelling of three matches, but football this term shows a marked improvement, for after an early defeat by the Old Scholars the School subsequently won two decisive victories. With regard to the match against Bromsgrove it must be mentioned that the game took place after the visiting side had walked five miles and the School had already played a practice game. Unfortunately, few Old Scholars turned out to represent their side which was augmented by several juniors, who gave a convincing performance. An outstanding feature has been the keenness of the team and intensive practice has undoubtedly contributed to our success.

Results to date :

A.G.S. v. Redditch C.H.S. (home) lost 1—3.  
Old Scholars (home) lost 3—6.  
Bromsgrove (home) won 1—0.  
Old Scholars (home) won 4—3.  
Evesham P.H.G.S. (home) lost 2—4.

Sides' Matches : Jackals 12, Brownies 0.  
Tomtits 10, Brownies 1.

P.J.B.

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## **For the Juniors.**

### **The Friend in the Field.**

Peter and May lived on a farm. They owned six fields, and in one of the fields stood a scarecrow. His top-hat had once been their father's and it had a hole in it now. His coat had been Peter's, but it had grown too small for him. The children owned a pet squirrel that was not frightened of them or of the scarecrow, but kept its winter store of nuts in one of the coat pockets.

One day, as Peter and May wandered along, feeling rather lonely and wanting something to do, they noticed something funny about the scarecrow. In the very top of the old top-hat a little wren had made her nest. So they went up to the scarecrow and said, "So you've got a bird's nest now!" The scarecrow nodded. Presently, the children saw that a mouse had made his nest in the coat-sleeve. So they said, "And you've got a mouse in your sleeve! Where did it come from?" The scarecrow pointed downward to the earth.

This was a find ! Peter and May began to be interested in their discoveries.

Now the children are never lonely, for they can always go and talk to their friend in the field.

STELLA HARRISON.

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### **The King's Birthday.**

All the woodland creatures were getting ready for the king's birthday.

The trees, who wanted to help, said that they would wave flags above his head as he passed along.

When the day came, the king went through the wood along a pathway of flowers, and all the people cheered and waved their hands to him.

When he got home to the palace, he had twenty-five presents and he had invited all the people to come and see them, and share the cake crowded with candles, for he was forty-two that day.

MAURICE DYBECK.

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### **The Fairy Clover.**

Have you ever heard of the Fairy Clover? Well, I will tell you about it.

Once upon a time there was a fairy, who found a three-leaved golden clover leaf, and she was very proud of it. But there was a witch named Hobly-Nobly, who had a magic key that fitted any door.

Now the fairy had a box in her room, and she put the golden clover in this box. But one day she lost the key. Soon the witch found out that the fairy had the clover, which she wanted for herself. So she took her key and flew to the fairy's castle, but found that the precious box had gone.

The fairy had moved her box to the secret wood, and, when she opened the box, she found it had changed to a four-leaved clover. So she was lucky all the rest of her life.

BRENDA HILL.



ALCESTER:  
THE CHRONICLE OFFICE,  
HIGH STREET.